# The life and death OF Queene Elizabeth,

## From the wombe to the Tombe, from her Birth to her Buriall.

The

Many and mighty dangers, and miraculous deliverances of the All-beloved, admired, and renowned *Queene Elizabeth*, of *England*, &c.

*Written in Heroicall Verſe.*

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# The life and death OF QVEENE ELIZABETH,

## From the Wombe to the Tombe, from her Birth to her Buriall.

AYde, all you Sisters of the two fair Hil,
A *Phœnix* worth deserves a *Phœnix* quil
To set it forth, and every wit and sence,
Of Art, or highest Natures influence,
And all the Poets, that have liv'd before
r doe now live, (too many and too poore)
'I had all their learnings, (much admir'd)
nd were I with their severall veines inspir'd,
et all that cunning, into me compacted

Were like a Play ill written, and worſe Acted:
All would not ſerve to write the life and death,
Of *Englands* Glorious Great *Elizabeth*;
Her Royall parentage, her birth and breeding,
Her dangers and her troubles ſtill exceeding:
Her thraldome, freedome, her humility,
Her patience, piety, and conſtancy,
Her happy preſervation from the hates
Of home bred treacheries and forraine States:
Her mind with heavenly vertues fully ſtor'd,
Her life admir'd and lov'd, her death deplor'd;
Of her moſt bleſſed and triumphant Raigne,
And what a government ſhe did maintaine,
Theſe have beene often written on, but yet,
Thoſe writers well ſpent induſtry and wit;
Have all come ſhort of the renowned Fame
Of that Magnificent Illuſtrious Dame.
Her praiſe is like the Ocean (unexhauſted)
It is a Theame twice fifty yeers hath laſted,
and though it be no work for mortall men,
'Twill be the ſubject of each worthy Pen;
Then why ſhould my poore Muſe preſume to flie,
To touch the hemme of ſuch high Majeſty?
Ther's many reaſons that my mind doth move,
I ſerv'd her, and her memory I love.
Beſides, her goodneſſe partly I relate,
That others may her vertues imitate.
Moreover this new way which I have gone,

I do

I doe imagine very few have done.
I know that my preſumption hath offended,
And that I ſhall be juſtly reprehended:
But yet I doubt not, but that ſome there be,
That in good part will take this worke of me,
Though Iuſtice juſtly every fault coverts,
Yet favour will connive at ſmall defects;
Then from the Birth unto the Sepulchre
Of bleſt *Eliza*, *Englands* brighteſt Star,
Of her my watry Muſe, with flagging Plumes
A lofty pitch in lowly verſe preſumes;
Her Parentage was Royall, ſhe did ſpring
From th' eight *Henry*, *Englands* puiſſant King.
Her Mother was *Anne Bollein*, (beauties pearle)
Daughter to *Wiltſhires* and great *Ormonds* Earle,
Sir *Godfrey Bollein*, her great Grandſire, and
(When ſixt King *Henry* rul'd this famous land)
He was Lord Mayor of *London*, and did give
One thouſand pounds, the pooreſt wants to relieve.

36. *Of Henry the* 6. 1457.

In *Henries* heart *Anne Bolleines* love was ſtated,
She *Marchioneſſe* of *Pembrooke* was created,

*September the* 1. 1532.

In Ianuary after, which wee call,

*Ianuary the* 25. 1533.

The day of the converſion of Saint *Paul*,
This Lady wedded was to *Englands* King,
And crowned Queene in *Aprill* following,

*Aprill the* 12. *Anno* 1532.

Which then was Eaſter-Eve; then Gods bleſt eye
Of mercy ſaw this Kingdomes miſery,
And made faire *Anne* ſo fruitfull to bring forth
A daughter better then the Kingdomes worth.
*Elizabeth* was borne, O happy birth,
Her Sexes Mirrour, wonder of the Earth,
The ſeventh day of *September* borne was ſhe,
(One thouſand and five hundred thirty three,)
On Sunday, that moſt ſacred day of Reſt,
With that great bleſſing was this Nation bleſt;
Her birth was much remarkeable in this,
'Twas *Maries* birth Eve (Mother of our bliſſe)

*Lady Elizabeth borne* 1534. *Sept. the* 7. (*the Eve of the birth of the bleſſed Virgin Mary*) *at Greenwitch, and ſhe dyed at Richmond on the Eve of the Annuntiation* (*or ſalutation*) *of the Virgin,* —*March* 24. 1602.

And ſure her death deſerves commemoration,
For 'twas the Eve of the *Annuntiation*;
Ere two yeeres age ſhe had accompliſhed,

Her

# *Of Queene Elizabeth.*

Her faire diſaſtrous Mother loſt her head,
Her Vnkle (*Bollein*) the ſame fortune tride,
An Axe his ſoule and body did divide.

*Sir George Bollein Lord Rochford the Queenes brother, and the Queene both beheaded, in May the* 19. 1536. *and Francis Weſton, Henry Norrice, Mark Smeaton, William Brierton, all beheaded.*

And thus the wrath of the incenſed King,
Vnto Queene *Anne*, untimely death did bring;
This Royall Babe *Elizabeth* thus left,
Vntimely of her Mother thus bereft,
The next day after faire *Anne Bollein* dyde,
A mother in Law King *Henry* did provide,
*Iane Seymor*, (vertues beautious Cabinet)
Sole Siſter to the Duke of *Sommerſet*,
Was Englands Queen; but er'e two yeers were paſt,
At *Hampton Court*, (ſhe childing) breath'd her laſt.
King *Henry* at that time both loſt, and won,
(A loving Wife, and a moſt hopefull Sonne)

*King Edward the* 6. *borne October the* 12. 1537.

Young *Edward* born, a Prince more good thē great,
With love, faith, zeale, and piety repleat;

Then

Then faire *Elizabeth*, and her young brother
Both ſimpathiz'd in love, did love each other;
And each of them beyond their ages knew
Grace and Religion, and as ſtill they grew,
They grew in favour both with God and men,
Admired and extold with tongue and pen.
Two men well known, for learning and good fame,
(Grave Doctor *Cox*, and Sir *John Cheeke* by name)
They were appointed by the King and State,
Thoſe *Imps* to Tutor and Initiate,
And by their labours (through th' Almighties grace)
Thoſe Princes waxed learn'd in little ſpace.
To plant and water they did ſeldome ceaſe,
And God was pleas'd to give a bleſt encreaſe;
The Princeſſe *Mary* was their Siſter deare,

*Mary was borne at Greenwitch the* 11. *of February*, 1516. *and was* 18. *yeeres old at Edwards birth: Elizabeth was* 3. *yeers older than Edward.*

At *Edwards* birth (of age was eighteene yeare,
She under other Tutors up was brought,
The *Romiſh* Doctrine ſhe too much was taught.
When they were borne ſhe was at womans ſtature,
She was a Princeſſe of a gentle nature,
But forced teaching her good mind did ſway,
Quite from *Elizabeths* and *Edwards* way.

King

# *Of Queene Elizabeth.*

King *Henry* left this mortall pilgrimage,
His Sonne and Heire about nine yeers of age
was crown'd, and ſtraight *Elizabeth* was ſent
From Court, to taſte the Countries ſweet content,
There ſhe expreſt her Chriſtian converſation,
In ſtudying forraine Languages and Tongues.
In learning what to manage State belongs,

*She underſtood and ſpake 8. ſeverall languages, ſo that no Embaſſador that did ever come to her Court, but ſhe underſtood him, and anſwered him in his owne Language.*

In reverend reading ſacred Myſteries,
In viewing ſtrange and Engliſh Hiſtories;
And like a painefull Bee ſhe labour'd ſo,
That honey ſeem'd this Land to overflow;
Sixe yeers belov'd ſhe in the Country ſtaid,
Till Royall *Edward* in his grave was laid.
Straight was ſhe ſleighted and diſcountenanc'd:
When *Mary* was unto the Crowne Advanc'd,
Then *Englands* woe, and her's at once began,
*Romes* tyranny the Kingdome overran.

*Stephen Gardner Biſhop of Wincheſter, Cuthbert Tonſtall Biſhop of Durham, and Bonner Biſhop of London, all releas'd from priſons.*

For *Gardner*, joy'nd with *Tonſtall*, and with *Bonner*,

All

(All three in high Eccleſiaſtick honour)
Theſe three the new reformed truth withſtood,
And made this woefull land a field of blood,
A meere *Acheldema*, a vale of mone,
More hot and fiery then the burning Zone:
He that durſt be a Proteſtant, was then
Accounted worthy not to live with men;
All ſuch as would not then the Maſſe embrace,
In England could not have a reſting place,
Scarce any day did paſſe, but that ſome dyde
In burning flames their faiths repurifi'd.
The Clergies zeale, made many thouſands mourne,
And many hundreds did to Aſhes turne,
That 'twas more ſafe to be a miſcreant,
Then be ſuſpected for a *Proteſtant*,
All that were found, were puniſh'd (without faile)
With hanging, burning, whipping, or a Jayle.
*Elizabeth*, in this tormenting time,
Her innoeence was held as bad as crime;
She was expulſt the Court, and ſent from thence
To *Aſbridge*, where ſhe kept cloſe reſidence,
And then her enemies began to ſhow,
What poyſoned ſpleene did from their malice flow;
The chiefe was *Gardner*, *Englands* Chauncellor,
And Biſhop of the Sea of *Wincheſter*,
She was accus'd by Romiſh *Ieſuits*,
Baſe lurking *Locuſts*, falſe *Iſcariothites*,
With *Machivillian* ſleights and pollicies,

With

With *Romiſh* undermining treacheries,
With glorious guilded varnith'd Arguments,
With labyrinth meandring documents,
With curſed banning Bulls, and fiery threats,
And all that was religious counterfeits,
*Elizabeth*, was round about beſet,
Like to a Bird encompaſt with a net.
But ſtill th' All-ſeeing eye of providence,
Did gurde and guard her ſpotleſſe innocence,
Her foes did ſpare no malice to remove
Her from her Soveraigne Siſter *Maries* love,
And further ſtill their miſchiefes did extend,
To bring her to an Ignominious end;
She was accus'd to be of *Wiats* faction,
To lend him money to ſupport his action,
And ſo with foule aſperſions ſought to draw,
Her life within the compaſſe of the Law,
Thus when of yeeres ſhe ſcarcely was fifteene,
She was accus'd for treaſon 'gainſt the Queene,
Then Sir *Iohn Williams*, (a good Lord of *Thame*)
From out the Country fetch'd this Royall Dame,
Arm'd with a warrant full of feare and dread,
To bring her up to Court alive or dead;
According to command ſhe up was brought,
Kep't cloſe by ſuch as her deſtruction ſought,
Sent to the Tower, (and to encreaſe her cares)
Inforc'd to take land at the Traytors ſtaires, (bled
And though much ſicknes then, her health had trou-

By

By theſe ſtrange uſages her griefes were doubled.
Yet ſtill my Lord of *Tame* did doe his beſt,
To give reliefe unto her mind oppreſt:
And Noble *Suſſex* Earle did venture ſtill
To ſhew to her his duty, and goodwill.
Theſe two did hazard dangers manifold,
To doe her the beſt ſervice that they could:
For when ſhe to the Queene a Letter writ,
Vndaunted *Suſſex* dar'd to carry it.
Thus in the Tower ſhe was cloſe Priſoner ſhut,
And all her truſty ſervants from her put.
And more (to vexe her) to adde wrong to wrong,
A Maſſe was in her Chamber ſaid and ſung:
But all thoſe tricks and practices could never,
Her Gracious heart from true Religion ſever.
King *Philip*, who was marryed to Queene *Mary*,
Perceiving well how malice things did carry,
God made him a moſt Royall Inſtrument
For preſervation of the Innocent:
He for the Princeſſe oft did intercede,
Requeſt, ſeeke, ſue, write, ſpeake, intreat, and plead,
And ſure the Queene did beare a Chriſtian mind,
And to her Siſter kindly was inclin'd,
But that falſe tongues abus'd her Princely eares
With ſlandrous tales, lyes, fables, doubts, and feares.
The Conſtable o'th' Tower, (Lord Chamberlaine)
Not ſuffred her one ſervant to retaine,
But Common Souldiers, of meane Ranke and place,

Did

Did beare her meate, and waited on her Grace.
Thus was ſhe guarded cloſely with that Rout,
Forbade to op'e a Cazement, or looke out.
But good Lord *Shandoys* humbly ſu'de, that ſhe
Had leave to walke within the Gallery.
A Warrant for her Deaths ſad fixed Hower
Was brought to the Lievtenant of the Tower:
But Maſter *Bridges*, (who that Office beare)
Miſtruſted foule play, and with ſpeedy care
He haſted to the Court and Queene, to know
Whether ſhe ſign'd the Warrant, yea, or no:
The Queene was angry, and deny'd the ſame,
Nor gave ſhe order ſuch a Writ to frame.
But yet ſhe blamed Biſhop *Gardner* much,
And others, whoſe malicious haſte was ſuch.
Soone after from the Tower ſhe was releaſt,
And ſent to *Woodſtocke*, (an impriſoned Gueſt)
Thus dayly was ſhe travers'd to and fro,
From wrong to injury, from griefe to woe.
The Conſtables diſmiſt from her, and than
Sir *Henry Benningfield*, a harſher man,
A man of manners and condition courſe,
Who on her miſeries had ſmall remorſe:
She fear'd him, and her feares did more abound,
With armed Souldiers ſhe was guarded round.
A rugged fellow was the Keeper then
Of *Woodſtock-houſe*, he watch'd occaſion when
To kill her, but his damn'd device was vaine,

Th'Almigh-

Th'Almighties power that miſchiefe did reſtraine.
Then Hell another curſed Plot conſpir'd,
Her Chamber in the Night was ſuddaine fir'd,
And ſhe ( when ſleepe poſſeſt her carefull head )
Was likely to be burned in her Bed :
But then, and ever, God was her defence,
And guarded her untainted Innocence.
Yet by this ſuddaine fiery accident
She was ſtrook into danger imminent,
Affrighted, into grievous ſickneſſe fell,
That in foure Moneths ſhe ſcarce recover'd well.
Her foes ſtill ſeeking how they might deſtroy her,
And miſſing ſtill, deviſed to convoy her
By Marriage to ſome Stranger, forraigne Prince,
And ſo for ever ſend her packing hence.
But God ordain'd her for ſome better end,
And ſhe a Virgins life, her dayes will ſpend.
Soone after that, one *Baſſet* combin'd
With twenty more (all Hounds of Hell by kind)
To murder her, (in privy Coats all arm'd )
But Heaven preſerv'd her, that ſhe was not harm'd;
For by the Watch, ( in darkneſſe of the Night)
Affrighted, all the villaines tooke their flight.
Theſe dangers well eſcap'd and over-paſt,
Shee was ſent for unto the Court in haſte,
Where ſhe (for ſeven dayes ſpace) was cloſely pent,
Lock'd in her Chamber, full of diſcontent :
But ſtill Lord *William Howard* did his beſt
To comfort her, & eaſe her mind oppreſt. Then

Then was ſhe brought before the Queene, who ſaid,
*That ſhe in priſon had beene detain'd and ſtay'd*
*On ſtrong preſumptions, that ſhe favour'd* Wiat,
*In troubling of the Queene and Kingdoms quiet,*
*And that ſhe was attainted on ſuſpicion;*
*Let her confeſſe her fault, and have remiſſion.*
She humbly on her knees did thus reply,
Dread Soveraigne, here before Gods Majeſty
And yours, who are his Subſtitute on Earth,
I never thought on Treaſon ſince my Birth:
And if by meanes I *Wiat* did protect
By acts, or wayes direct, or indirect,
Then let me be depriv'd, and quite bereaven
Of your high favour, and the hope of Heaven.
The Queene beleev'd her, and with griefe did ſeeme
To hold her Loyalty in high eſteeme,
And told her, that her truth ſhe did perceive,
And ſo the Princeſſe humbly tooke her leave.
But afterwards ſhe did the Queene deſire
That ſhe into the Countrey might retire;
Which ſuite was granted, and now Fortunes wheele
'Gan turne, and make her Enemies to reele.
King *Philip* won Saint *Quintins* Towne in *France*,
And *Engliſhmen* loſt *Callais*, (by miſchance.)
The loſſe of *Callais* pierc'd Queene *Maries* heart,
Griefe brought her Death, who with impartial dart
Inevitable ſtrikes juſt and unjuſt,
And layes all worldly honour in the duſt.

The Queenes deceaſe poore *England* did deliver
From a Quotidian *Romiſh* burning Feaver.
*Elizabeth*, who long had beene inur'd
To taſte ſad woe, her ſorrows now were cur'd:
God (in his mercy) heard this Kingdomes mone,
And rais'd his humble hand-maid to her Throne.
Thus was her Meekneſſe and Humility
Mounted unto the Seate of Soveraignty,
Through Poyſons, Piſtols, & deaths dreadful jawes,
Through witneſſe falſe, and danger of ſharp Lawes,
And from perfidious plots of wicked men
Preſerv'd, like *Daniel* in the Lyons Den
Was bleſt *Elizabeth*, (quite loſt accounted)
And ſuddainly to Majeſty was mounted:
Yet was her Royall Seate, no Seate of pleaſure,
Her Treaſury almoſt quite bare of Treaſure,
Her friends but few, and thoſe few weake in power;
Her foes were many, mighty to devoure.
Three mighty Kingdoms, *Scotland*, *France*, & *Spain*
Made Warre againſt her, and diſturb'd her Reigne.
The *Spaniſh* King at *Antwerp* Armour ſtayd,
For which good Queene *Elizabeth* had paid.
The *Scottiſh* Queene did with the Daulphin wed,
*French* Armes and Armies *Scotland* overſpread,
Aſſiſted with the mighty Duke of *Guiſe*,
(On purpoſe *England* (that way) to ſurpriſe.)
And to exaſperate her foes the more,
The *Bull* of *Pius Quintus* 'gan to rore;

That

That Popiſh Bull did proudly curſe all thoſe
Who were her friends, and ſweetly bleſt her foes.
She then from *Rome* was excommunicate,
Her Crowne and Scepter, Kingdome, and her State
Given to the *Scottiſh* Queene to winne, and ſhe
Caus'd *Englands* Armes with *Scotlands* joyn'd to be.
*Elizabeth*, with cares thus compaſt round,
Curſt by the Pope, threatned to be uncrown'd;
Proclaim'd an Heretick, depriv'd of all
Such meanes as man may earthly comforts call:
Then ſhe (moſt glorious) did victorious ſtand,
Supported onely by th'Almighties hand.
For ſhipping ſhe had none, or very few,
Of Ordnance ſhe not many had to ſhew.
Kings (e're her Reigne) hir'd Veſſels for the Sea
From *Hamburgh*, *Lubeck*, *Dantzick*, *Genoa*,
But ſhe a Royall Navy built in haſte,
Braſſe and Ir'ne Gunnes ſhe cauſed to be caſt,
Pikes, Shot, & Armours were with coſt out ſought,
And bought, and out of *Germany* were brought.
And as baſe Braſſe for Coyne went currant here,
She'xpulſt it, and no money did appeare
But Gold and Silver, all her golden Reigne.
And (for her beſt of workes) ſhe did ordaine
That Gods pure Service might be ſaid and ſung
In *England*, in the well-knowne Engliſh tongue.
Erroneous ſuperſtition ſhe ſuppreſt,
And ſhe was with aboundant bleſſings bleſt.

She honour'd God, and God did honour her,
That though her foes about her kept a ſtir,
He ſtill preſerv'd her from the overthrow,
And (in her weakneſſe) he his power did ſhow.
From *Scotland*, that was vexed with diviſions,
Her force did bravely beate the *French* & *Guiſſians*.
The *Scottiſh* King was then ſcarce one yeare old,
She did protect from perills manifold,
Whereby this Land was bleſt with reſt and peace
By his juſt Reigne, (ſucceeding her deceaſe.
The ſeventeene Provinces (or Neatherlands)
Were then afflicted with *Spaines* warlike Bands:
They did pretend that Covenants were broke,
To make them ſlaves unto the Spaniſh yoke.
They caſt themſelves into our Queenes protection,
(Who to oppreſſed men bore ſuch affection)
That ſhe continuall ſuccours ſtill did give them,
And with good men and Coine did ſo relieve them,
That *Spaines* great power, whilſt ſhe did weare the crown,
Could never cõquer, harrow, or beat down.
By which meanes (till this day) they doe perſiſt
*Spaines* mighty powers and forces to reſiſt.
But if they thankleſſe be to Engliſh men,
'Twere juſt they bore the *Spaniſh* yoake agen.
To trouble *England* more, the Duke of *Guiſe*
New Plots and Projects dayly did deviſe:
Firſt *Arthur Poole*, (from *Clarence* line deſcended)
Joyn'd with one *Forteſkue*, *Englands* harm intẽded

To

To land in *Wales*, and with hoſtility
T'invade and ſpoyle that Principality.
The Traytors were ſurpriz'd, and plot confeſt,
And pardon'd, and Rebellion was ſuppreſt.
Before Nine yeares ſhe ruled had this Land,
King *James* was giv'n us, (by th'Almighties hand.

*King* IAMES *borne the* 19. *of* June, *at* Edenburgh. 1566.

Two mighty Earles, *Northumberland* combin'd
With *Weſtmerland*, who madly were inclin'd
To warre againſt their Soveraigne and to reare
The Maſſe, which had bin baniſh'd hence 12. yeare.
That hot Rebellion was no ſooner done,
But mighty warres with *Scotland* was begun,
And thither was the Earle of *Suſſex* ſent,
By whom that Kingdome was ſo torne and rent:
Three hundred Townes and Villages were burn'd,
And fifty ſtrong wall'd Caſtles overturn'd.
At that time *Ireland* ſtiffely did rebell,
Conducted by a Traytor, *Shan Oneale*;
The Duke *De Alua*, with great powers from *Spain*,
Striv'd to moleſt *Eliz.'s* happy Reigne.
*Mendoza*, *Spaine*, the Pope, all joyn'd in one
To raiſe (in *Ireland*) new Rebellion,
And ſtill in all the troubles God hath beene
Still pleas'd to guard her from malicious ſpleene.

Prince *Ericus*, Sonne to the King of *Swed*,
Su'de with our good *Elizabeth* to wed:
*Alanſons* Duke, Great *Francis* of *Valois*,
And Brother to the *French* King, he made choyce
Of *Englands* Queene, to be his wedded Pheare,
But ſhe refus'd him, with *adieu Monſiere*.
*Thomas* and *Edward*, th'Earle of *Darbies* ſonnes,
Into moſt dangerous plots of miſchiefe runnes,
Ayded by *Thomas Gerard*, *Rolſton*, *Hall*,
But ſtill *Elizabeth* was ſav'd from all. 1570
Then *Thomas Stukely*, (by the Popes perſwaſion)
Attempts to winne all *Ireland* by invaſion:
But *Stukelyes* Treaſons into ayre was blowne,
And he in *Barbary* was overthrowne
With three Kings, on the *Mauritanian* Plaine
Was *Englands* traytrous valiant *Stukely* ſlaine.
The Pope at *Rome* a Colledge did ordaine
Our Engliſh Fugitives to entertaine.
The Duke of *Guiſe* in *France* the like did doe,
To harbour Traytors that repair'd thereto.
Theſe Colledges were built for Schooles, to teach
To lye, equivocate, and over-reach;
To write ſeditious Pamphlets, to diſgrace
Their Soveraigne, to make Rimes & Libells baſe:
T'withdraw her Subjects hearts, and to alure
Men to reject Gods Word, ſincere and pure;
To fill mens braines with whimſies and vagaries,
Thoſe were the vertues of theſe *Seminaries*.

In

In theſe have *Parſons*, *Campion*, *Allen*, *Lane*,
And divers Engliſh practis'd *Englands* bane,
And ſtill, like Arrows that were ſhot upright,
Their plots upon the plotters heads did light.
*Campion* was catch'd, and (in a Rope) did cleare
His ſcore, and made full ſatisfaction here.
A Popiſh Pamphlet taught *John Somervill*
And *Edward Arden*, *Englands* Queene to kill:
But *Somervill* (ſelfe choak'd) in Jayle did dye,
And *Tyburne* ended *Ardens* Tragedy.
Thus God unto deſtruction brought all thoſe
That were *Elizabeths* and *Englands* foes.
*Thockmorton*, with a venom'd Traytors minde,
Seduc'd by *Spaines* *Embaſſador, combin'd

* *Bernardinus Mendoza.*

With *Spaniſh* powers this Kingdome to diſtreſſe,
And (from the Crowne) the Queene to diſpoſſeſſe.
But he was taken, and his chiefeſt gaines
Was drawne & hang'd, & quarter'd for his paines.
One *Chreighton*, a *Scots* Jeſuite, was ſent
By *Englands* foes for *Englands* detriment:
Purſu'd at Sea, he had of Letters, ſome
To *France*, to *Spain*, and ſome to *Rome*.
When *Chreighton* did perceive he ta'ne muſt be,
He tare his Letters, becauſe none ſhould ſee
Their ſecrets, and then caſt them over-boord:
But God ſuch favour did to us affoord,
That as he threw them t'ward the Ocean Maine,
The wind did blow them in the ſhip againe. The

The peeces were together ſet, and joyn'd,
Whereby Sir *William Waad* did quickly finde
Their dangerous meaning: then the Queen & State
Thus warnd, were quickly arm'd againſt their hate.
Next *Parry*, twice to kill the Queene aſſay'd,
But ſtill (by Power Divine) his hand was ſtayd,
And from the *Tower*, to *Weſtminſter* was brought,
Drawne, hang'd, & quartred, as all Traitors ought.

*William Parry was executed the* 2. *of March*. 1585

Soone after that, ſome well-borne Gentlemen,
(All fill'd with treaſon from Hells damned den)
Fourteene in number, all conſpir'd the death
Of *Englands* gracious bleſt ELIZABETH:
They promis'd each of them his helping hand
To bring this Kingdome under *Spaines* command:
To raiſe ſedition here, and Civill warres,
And fill this Kingdome with domeſtick jarres.
Their names were *Ballard*, *Tichborne*, *Abington*,
*Jones*, *Barnewell*, *Bellamie*, *Gage*, *Babington*:
*Dun*, *Traverſe*, *Tilney*, *Savage*, *Salisbury*,
*Charnock*, all Gentlemen, and well reputed,
Untill foule Treaſon had their minds polluted.
Neare *Lincolnes Inne* they all to death were put,
Drawne, hang'd, and bowell'd, and in quarters cut.

*They ſuffered in* Lincolnes Inne-fields *the* 20. *and* 21. *of* September, 1586.

Theſe

Theſe dangers paſt, a *French* Embaſſador
Entic'd one *Stafford* to goe murder her:
But *Stafford* did reveale the treachery,
Which then the Embaſſador did flat deny:
But proofes apparant ſhew'd the matter plaine,
And ſo the fault was hudled up againe. 1587.
Soone after this, two Captaines of great fame,
Call'd *Yorke* and *Stanley*, (of a noble Name)
They both did from their Queenes true ſervice fling,
And fought againſt her for the Spaniſh King.
*Lopez*, (a Doctor) borne a *Portugall*,
In Phyſick great in skill, in Truth too ſmall:
He was arraign'd, found guilty, that he ſought
By poyſons venome the Queenes death t'have wrought,
For which at *Tiburne* he did make an end,
Meete for all ſuch as Treaſon doe intend,
And to all Traytors God ſuch fortune ſend.

*Roderick Lopez ſuffer'd the 7. of June, 1594.*

*Anno* 1588.

Then came the yeare of wondrous Admiration,
*England* was ſwallow'd downe in expectation
By *Spaines Leviathan*-like, huge *Armado*
Invincibly call'd in their Bravado.
*Spaine, Portugall, Caſtile, Sicilia,*
*Granada, Naples*, and *Vallencia*;

*Leon,*

*Leon*, and *Aragon*, (nine Kingdomes) all
Combind to bring *Elizabeth* in thrall.
With theſe the *Pope* and Clergie did comply,
And Princes, and great Lords of *Italy*:
Beſides the Duke of *Guiſe* and *Parma's* power
All joyn'd, our little England to devoure,
One hundred thirty Ships for War compleat,
That *Neptune* groan'd to beare a load ſo great,
Of Ordnance neere three thouſand, and beſide
Twelve thouſand Marriners the Ships to guide,
Land ſouldiers twenty thouſand of great skill,
To manage Horſe, Pike, Launce, Gun, Blade, or Bill;
To adde to theſe they had ſtill freſh ſupplies,
Of *Frigots*, *Drumlers*, *Victlers*, *Barkes* and *Hoyes*,
With *Carvells*, *Brignadines*, and *Pinnaces*,
To ſpoyle this land with braves and menaces.
Seem'd as they floated on the raging flood,
A mighty wilderneſſe, or ſwimming wood.
The Prince of *Parma's* power to adde withall
Were Ships three hundred forty great and ſmall,
But all theſe preparations could not meet,
And joyne together with the *Spaniſh* Fleet.
Our Engliſh Ships one hundred numbred were,
Man'd with ſuch men as ſcorn'd all ſlaviſh feare,

*In all* 102. *whereof* 16. *were of the Ships Royall.*

Who all, on *Iulyes* one and twentieth day,
With *Spaines* Armado fought a mortall fray,

Englands

Englands Lord Admirall, moſt valiantly,
Bath'd his *White-Lyon* in a crimſon dye,

*Lord Charles Howard Admirall his creſt the White-Lyon.*

Of *Spaniſh* blood, ſuch fame he gain'd that day,
Which malice cannot blurre, or time decay.
*Spaines* mighty terrour, (brave Sir *Francis Drake*)
Did their Vice-Admirall, *Don Pedro* take,
And th' *Engliſh* Navy, (after foure dayes fight)
Did overthrow the great Armado quite.
Some taken, and ſome ſunk, and many burnd,
That ſixty of them never home return'd,
And thoſe threeſcore, (like Maps of deſolation)
Were rent and torne, almoſt paſt reparation,
Thus to the world apparantly was ſeene,
That God preſerv'd this Kingdome and the Queen,
Heaven arm'd her ſtill with Noble inſtruments,
Moſt valiant Captaines, for her ſtrong defence.
Such as were able both by ſea and land,
To lead her men to fight, and to command.
Moſt Noble *Howard*, *Oxford*, *Hawkins*, *Drake*,
*Grenvill*, and *Eſſex*, who made Spaine to quake:
*Vere*, *Norris*, *Cavendiſh*, *Northumberland*,
*Montjoy*, *Gorge Willoughbr*, and *Cumberland*;
With *Seimour*, *Rawleigh*, *Gerard*, *Frobuſher*,
With *Cecill*, *Gilbert*, *Chriſtmas*, *Vavaſor*,

With

With *Ghidley*, *Manſell*, *Mounſon*, *Chauncelor*,
And *Ratcliffe*, *Winter*, *Baskervill* and *Fenner*,
Brave *Wingfield*, *Williams*, *Gifford*, & ſtout *Bingham*,
Renowned *Sidney*, and the famous *Windham*;

*All theſe were brave Commanders in Queene Elizabeths Raigne.*

Thus was ſhe ſerv'd with brave experienc'd men
For War, and likewiſe ſhe was bleſt agen
With grave and honour'd Counſellors of State,
That wiſely could foreſee, prevent, debate;
And one thing more her happineſſe did prove,
Her Commons all were joyn'd to her in love.
Theſe former dangers paſt, one *Edward Squire*,
Our good Queenes death did wickedly conſpire,

*Squire did practiſe to poyſon the pommel of the Queens ſaddle, that ſhe by laying her hand on it, and touching any part of her face or body with the ſaid hand or glove, might be envenomd deadly.*

But he was taken, and his ſentence paſt,
At Tyburne worthily he breath'd his laſt;
And this baſe treaſon was the laſt of all,
That were attempted for her timeleſſe fall,
She having paſt a dangerous Pilgrimage,
Decai'd in ſtrength, and ſeventy yeeres of age,

Thus

Thus was ſhe guarded, by th' Almighties might,
From treaſons heere, and from all forraine ſpight,
By uncontrolled right, ſhe liv'd and raign'd,
Faiths great defẽdreſſe, ſhe Chriſts faith maintain'd,
With abſolute command Imperiouſly.
She was the glorious Star of Soveraignty,
Of Principality th' Illuſtrious mirrour,
Glory of Royall Majeſty, and terrour
To all her foes, joy of the Chriſtian world,
For through the Univerſall world was hurld
(Blowne by the Trumpet of unſpotted fame)
The glorious life of this rare matchleſſe Dame,
The Diamond amongſt Princes, and report
And fame of her due praiſe was ever ſhort:
For after ſhe had rightly gaind the Crowne,
She Empreſſe was, and Impreſſe of Renowne,
For ſtate, magnificence, and piety,
For beauty, wiſedome, prudence, policy,
For conſtant courage, learning, and true zeale,
The glory of the whole worlds Common-weale,
With juſtice, mercy, temperance, fortitude,
And with all vertues elſe ſhe was endu'd.
She was a Patrone, and a Patterne too,
To ſhew all Princes what and how to doe.
She made the mighty Potent power of *Spaine*,
To feele her force in her triumphant Raigne:
She brought both Armes and Armour in requeſt,
And to th' oppreſt ſhe was a friend profeſt.

She aided *Scotland* with men, coyne and horſe,
She ſuccour'd *France*, & made peace, force perforce:
She ſav'd all *Belgia* from the *Spaniſh* yoake,
She made *Romes* Reliques vaniſh hence like ſmoak,
Rebellion ſhe in *Ireland* curb'd and tam'd,
She was, and is, and ſhall be ever fam'd.
She was a *Pallas*, a *Minerva*, and
*Bellona*, fourty foure yeers in this land,
A good age ſhe ſarviv'd, and full of dayes,
Encompaſt round with univerſall praiſe,
Belov'd of God and men ſhe did deceaſe,
And crownd in glóry with eternall peace.

# Now followes divers remarkable Paſſages which happened in her Whole Raigne, worthy of Note and Remembrance; She being five and *twenty yeares of age, before ſhe was Crowned at Weſtminſter, the 17. of November, 1558.*

AFter ſhe was Crowned at *Weſtminſter*, to the joy of all her Kingdome, by ſo many acclamations and ſhouts: The next thing ſhe tooke care of,

Was

was Gods glory, and the ſettling of true Proteſtant Religion amongſt her ſubjects; which ſhe did to the generall liking of all. Then in chuſing to her ſelfe for aide and aſſiſtance wiſe and learned men for her privy Counſell: as time well knowes ſhee had able men both for courage and wiſedome.

Then ſhe took care for forraigne matters, that Ambaſſadors ſhould be ſent to all the Chriſtian Princes, to ſignifie unto them that her ſiſter *Mary* was dead.

To the Emperour of *Germany* ſhe ſent Sir *Thomas Chaloner* with Letters, which ſhee writ with her owne hand: to give him to underſtand, that ſhe by Gods grace did by right of inheritance and conſent of her Subjects, ſucceede her ſiſter in her Kingdomes: and deſired nothing more, than that the ancient amity betwixt the houſes of *England* and *Auſtria*, might not onely be kept, but alſo increaſed: Theſe were the very words ſhe ſent and writ at that time to the Emperour *Ferdinand*.

To the *Spaniards* in the *Netherlands* ſhee ſent the Lord *Cobham*, with inſtructions to the ſame purpoſe: and ſo to other Kings and Princes of ſeverall Nations, did ſhee ſend Ambaſſadors to continue love and amity

mity, as before there had beene.

King *Philip*, being then at *Spaine*, and hearing of the death of Queene *Mary* his wife, fearing he ſhould loſe his title of being King of *England*, ſent over the Count of *Feria*, to treate a match betweene King *Philip*, and Queene *Elizabeth*, promiſing to procure a ſpeciall diſpenſation from the Biſhop of *Rome* for their lawfull marriage. This troubled the Queene very much, that the moſt Potent Prince of *Europe*, and one that had very well deſerved of her, (for under God he preſerved her life) ſhould be rejected by her, when of his owne voluntary motion he ſought to her for marriage. The Queene ſeeing the matter urged and followed ſo cloſe, that ſhe was never at quiet, but daily ſolicited for marriage, wiſely, and in her breaſt conſidered of it, and that it was to be with her ſiſters husband, gave this anſwer, that it was unfit, and againſt ſacred authority, for a ſiſter to marry with her deceaſed ſiſters husband, as altogether undiſpenſible. The King ſhee put off by little and little with modeſt anſwers, and maidenly ſhamefaſtneſſe; but indeed it was out of ſcruple of Conſcience.

Then King *Philip* leaving his ſuite, and falling

falling in league with the *French* Kings Daughter, and ready to be married ; notwithſtanding he thinking of the ſtate and dignity of *England*, perſwaded the Emperour *Ferdinand*, his Vncle, to commend one of his ſonnes to Queene *Elizabeth*, for an Husband, which he forthwith did, by letters full-fraught with love and great promiſes: And the better to obtaine their purpoſe, King *Philip* wrote letters to the ſame effect, moſt frankly promiſing to Queene *Elizabeth* his ſpeciall love and favour, in aiding and aſſiſting her upon all occaſions and neceſſities.

All this while ſhe gave them hearing and great reſpect ; but ſtill her minde, out of her ſingular love to her Countrey, was more attentive to the publicke good, and ſetling the proteſtant Religion, that ſhe almoſt quite put out of her minde the love of Potent Princes: yet for all this there ſought at the ſame time to her for marriage *Charles*, Arch-Duke of *Auſtria*, the younger ſonne of the fore-ſaid *Ferdinand* : Likewiſe *Iames Araine*, commendended to her by the Proteſtants of *Scotland*, with purpoſe to unite by him the divided Kingdomes of *England* and *Scotland*, but ſoone ſhe gave him his anſwer.

Then was ſhee earneſtly ſued unto for marriage, with a great commendation of the man, *Errick* King of *Swedland*, by the meanes of *Iohn* his Brother Duke of *Frizland*, whom *Goſtavus* their Father had ſent a little before into *England* for that purpoſe, having the more hope to ſpeede, for that he was of the ſame Religion with her: She thanked him for his ſingular love and favour, and did much acknowledge him for her friend, commending him for his good parts; ſaying, that ſhee could not yet perſwade her minde to change her ſingle life (moſt pleaſing to her) for a marryed life, praying him therefore to trye her kindneſſe in any other matter, and though he ſped not in his ſuite, yet hee would not thinke his love ill-beſtowed: ſo he returned home after the ſpace of ſixe moneths, when he had left no meanes untried to procure the marriage.

But *Charles* of *Auſtria* hoped and expected that the houſe of *Auſtria*, which had bin moſt fortunate by matching with the greateſt Princeſſe, ſhould bee augmented by the addition of *England*, and alſo that by him the old Religion ſhould be, if not revoked, yet at the leaſtwiſe tolerated. Neither did

Queene

Queene *Elizabeth* at firſt daſh cut off his hope: for ſhe made open ſhew, and proteſted before divers of her Noble men, and by Letters to the Emperour, that amongſt many moſt honourable matches propounded, none was more honourable than this, with *Charles* of *Auſtria*.

In a ſhort time after came the Duke of *Anion*, to ſolicite the Queene to Marry, and with him came all the Flowers of *France* for his aſſociates, where they were royally entertained at Court, with feaſting, tilting, and ſuch like Princely ſports: the match being treated on, and liked on both ſides, Articles were drawne and agreed upon betweene the *Queene* and the Duke of *Anion*, and likewiſe by thoſe who were Commiſſioners for that purpoſe, ſo that now all things were concluded, and drawne to a head, but the Courtiers mindes were diverſly affected, ſome leaped for joy, ſome were aſtoniſhed and ſome were caſt downe with ſorrow. The *Queenes* women (who with whom ſhe was familiar) waild and wept teares, and by laying terrours before her, did ſo vexe her minde with anguiſh, that ſhe ſpent the night in dolefull care without ſleepe, amongſt her women, which

did nothing but weepe. The next day ſhee ſent for the Duke of *Anion*, and they two, all ſtanders by being removed, had long talke together : hee at length withdrawing himſelfe to his lodgings, caſt the Ring away from him, which the *Queene* had given him, and ſoone tooke it up againe, taxing with one or two jeeres the lightneſſe of Women, and the inconſtancy of Ilanders.

The *Queene* amongſt theſe perplexed cogitations of Marriage, ſome perſwading her to marry, others ſoliciting her to the contrary : others perſwaded that ſhe was reſolved in minde to marry ; others againe, that ſhe might better provide for the Common-wealth, and her owne glory by an unmarried life, than by marriage : ſome ſaying that if ſhe marryed a ſubject, ſhe would draw diſhonour upon her ſelfe by diſparagement, and give occaſion to Domeſticall grudges and commotions : Others ſaid, that if ſhe married a ſtranger, ſhee ſhould ſubject both her ſelfe and her people under a forraine yoake, and endanger Religion : ſome not forgetting to tell her, how unhappy had beene the marriage of her ſiſter *Mary*, with *Philip* the Spaniſh King ; And how

how unlucky that marriage of her great Grandfather *Edward* the fourth, who was the firſt of all the Kings of *England* ſince the *Norman* Conqueſt, which had taken his ſubject to wife: Her glory alſo, which being unmarried, remained to her ſelfe whole and unblemiſhed, ſhould by marriage be aſcribed unto her husband: And beſides the perrills by Conception and Child-bearing, objected by the Phyſitians and her women, out of hidden cauſes, which many times ſtucke in her minde: all theſe did much deterre and terrifie her from marrying: The whole Kingdome did ſolicite her to marry, ſaying that marriage was moſt honourable, and appoynted by God, and honoured by Chriſt himſelfe; ſaying, that the Kings of *England* have never beene more carefull of any thing, than that the royall family might not faile in iſſue: alleaging, that a Kingdome received from Anceſtors is to be left to Children; who will be both an ornament and a ſtrength to the Realme: If lacke of Children uſe to bee inflicted by God as a great puniſhment, aſwell upon Royall as private families; what, and how great a ſin may it bee, if the Prince voluntarily plucke

it upon himſelfe, whereby an infinite heape of miſeries muſt needes overwhelme the Common-wealth, with all calamities, which the minde of man even dreadeth to remember: Which that it may not come to paſſe, not onely wee few that are here preſent, but even all *England*; yea, all *Engliſhmen*, doe proſtrate our ſelves at your feete, and with humble voyce and frequent ſighes, doe from the bottome of our hearts moſt ſubmiſſively pray and beſeech you.

The *Queene* returned them this anſwer: Concerning marriage, which ye ſo earneſtly move me to, I have beene long ſince perſwaded, that I was ſent into this world by God, to thinke and to doe thoſe things chiefly which may tend to his glory, and the benefit of my owne ſoule hereafter: Hereupon have I choſen that kinde of life, which is moſt free from the troubleſome cares of this world, that I may attend the ſervice of God alone: All theſe things did I thinke upon when I was a private perſon: But now that the publicke care of governing the Kingdome is laide upon me, to draw upon me alſo the cares of marriage, may ſeeme a poynt of inconſiderate folly: yea, to ſatisfie

you

you, I have already joyned my ſelfe in marriage to an husband, namely, to the Kingdome of *England*: And behold, ſaid ſhee, which I marvaile yee have forgotten, the pledge of this my wedlocke and marriage with my Kingdome, & therewith ſhe drew the Ring from off her finger and ſhewed it, wherewith at her Coronation ſhe had in a ſet forme of words ſolemnly given her ſelfe in marriage to her Kingdome. And doe not ſaid ſhe upbraid me with miſerable lack of Children; for every one of you, and as many as are Engliſh-men, are as Children and Kinſmen to me: of whom, if God deprive me not, which God forbid, I cannot without injury be accounted barren: But I commend you that yee have not appoynted me an Husband, for that were moſt unworthy the Majeſty of an abſolute Princeſſe, and unbeſeeming their wiſedome which are Subjects borne. Nevertheleſſe, if it pleaſe God that I enter into another courſe of life, I promiſe you I will doe nothing which may bee prejudiciall to the Common-wealth: But will take ſuch a Husband, as neare as may be, as will have as great a care of the Common-wealth, as my ſelfe. But if I continue in this kind of Life I have be-

gunne, I doubt not but God will ſo direct mine owne and the Counſailes, that ye ſhall not neede to doubt of a Succeſſor, which may bee more beneficiall to the Commonwealth, than he which may be borne of me, conſidering that the iſſue of the beſt Princes many times degenerateth : And to me it ſhall be a full ſatisfaction both for the memoriall of my name, and for my glory alſo; if when I ſhall let my laſt breath, it be ingraven upon my Marble Tombe, *Here lyeth* Elizabeth, *which reigned a Virgin and dyed a Virgin.*

Many other matches were propounded to the *Queene*, but ſhe gave them all wiſe and modeſt Anſwers ; and ſo ſhe ſpent her whole reigne in moſt magnificent ſtate and honour ; aiding her friends with mony, and terrifying her foes and enemies with courage and conqueſt ; for ſhee her ſelfe went in perſon upon any occaſion into the field : which did ſo animate her ſouldiers that they were both ſtout, willing, and couragious upon the firſt ſummons of any warlicke deſigne. Many troubles ſhe had in Ireland by Rebbels, and ſome in Scotland ; but ſtill ſhee went away with the honour and renowne : and ariving to the age of 70. yeares ſickned,

ſickned,& what with old age,or with griefe for the death of her ſiſter,the *Queen* of *Scots*, or for the Earle of *Eſſex*, ſhe dyed at *Richmond*, being her Climatericall yeare, *to wit*, the ſeventieth yeare of her Age,which was fatall to divers Noble-men, and great men, who dyed at that time alſo. She raigned forty foure yeares, foure Moneths, and ſixeteene dayes.

I preſent thee now (good Reader) with ſeverall Elegies which were made by Divers Gentlemen of worth at the Death of the Renowned Queene *Elizabeth*, which I have gathered fitting this purpoſe.

---

Upon

# Vpon the removing of her body to the Palace of *White-Hall* by Water, were written these Passionate dolefull Lines.

*THe Queen was brought by water to* White Hall,
*At every stroak the Oares Teares let fall;*
*More clung about the Barge, fish under water*
*Wept out their eyes of Pearle, and swum blind after:*
*I thinke the Barge-men might with easier thighes*
*Have row'd her thither in her peoples eyes.*
*For howsoe're, thus much my thoughts have scand,*
*Sh'ad come by Water had she come by land.*

## *Another at the same time honoured her with this.*

WEep greatest Ile, and for thy Mistresse death
Swimme in a double Sea of Brakish water.

Weepe

## of Queene Elizabeth.

Weepe little world for great *Elizabeth*,
Daughter of Warre, for *Mars* himſelfe begat her:
Mother of Peace, for ſhe brought forth the latter.
She was, and is, what can there more be ſaid,
On earth the chiefe, in heaven the ſecond Maid.

# Vpon Queene *Elizabeths* departing dead from *Richmond* to *White-Hall*.

RIchmond *to Rivers haſten, your Teares aye,*
*Powr'd on the earth, the ſunne exhaleth drye*
*Conduct them ſafely to their Element,*
*They'le keepe to give the waters fragrant ſent:*
*Since an Oblation of ſo high a prize*
*Was never offer'd yet by Engliſh eyes:*
*Sorrowes ſpring-tide ſo ſtrongly flowes, I feare*
*Your deepe going ſea the Vniverſe will skare,*
*If not a Deluge make, breake out into*
*The* Netherlands, the Hollander *nudoe,*
*Stood before protected, themſelves may drowne,*
*Themſelves unpropped by the* Engliſh *Crowne.*

*But*

*But thou, O* Richmond, *thou whose fainting head*
*Is set in disposition cold as Lead:*
*Cold as the steame of Rocks, cold as the grave,*
*Empailes thy deare affection, whence we have*
*No hope of warmth to come, or e're returne,*
*More then the hope to teach your Children mourne*
*Their Fathers losse, their owne, from thence to leave*
*Successively their issue, cause to grieve*
*Vnderstood by retention of araigne*
*Whose like's untold in any soveraigne:*
*Thou wert her sometimes ioy, 'twas her desire*
*To live in thee, and in thee to expire:*
*Onely to whom she gave that iewell breath*
*Made others poore, but thou more rich by death.*
*With numerous woe prepar'd in solemne key*
*Onward beare her sacred ashes, yet stay,*
*The* Thames *affrighted is, which heretofore*
*Tooke pride to court her living from the shore,*
*Ne're fraught with the like lading, did repine*
*The Earth should hazzard such treasure divine,*
*Trust her raging furrowes, who had one sence,*
*Participating her high griefes influence,*
*That now no passage was, which way soe're,*
*Barge or Chariot, unlesse goe by teare:*
*Such tides of woe had on her people g ain'd,*
*An Inundation made quite o're the land:*
*The pensive fish in shoales, unusuall seene,*
*Came to doe homage to their Virgin Queene:*

*The*

## *Of Queene Elizabeth.*

*The afflicted Oares did weepe, letting fall*
*Tributary farewells to her funerall.*
*The poore amazed gates, which yerſt with pride*
*Threw ope themſelves, her hallowed duſt deni'd,*
*Gave like ſencible Marble, when it doth feele*
*The threats of raine, and did forbid her ſteele*
*To ſerve ſuch ſadneſſe: Maugre yet her worſt,*
*Death did enforce them ſtrongly yeeld or burſt.*
*Thus ſorrow was in every ſence partaker,*
*As ſhe to* White-Hall *paſt, ſo to her maker.*
*Griefe the ſubiect unto griefe the ſtory,*
*With ſpent feete and eyes gave her to glory.*

## *Another contrived this Diſticke of her, though ſhort, yet to the purpoſe.*

SPaines *Rod*, Romes *Ruine*, Netherlands *Reliefe*,
*Earths Ioy*, Englands *Iem*, *Worlds Wonder*, *Natures chiefe.*

Many

Many other Learned Elegies were written in Latin to her honour, which in this place would not be fit to set downe, witnesse those Lines about her Monument which were written by our late and thrice happy King *Iames* of famous memory, at whose charge her Monument was Erected; where such Latin Verses are to bee seene and read, worthy the view and labour of any Scholler whatsoever: Therefore I have chose and selected these English ones.

## *Vpon the Death of Queene* Elizabeth.

A *Deborah*, a *Iudith*, a *Susanna*,
A Virgin, a *Virago*, a *Diana*,
Couragious, zealous, learned, wise, and chaste,
With heavenly, earthly gifts adorn'd and grac't:
Victorious, glorious, beauteous, gracious, good,
And one whose vertues dignifi'd her blood:
That Muses, Graces, Armes, and liberall Arts,
Amongst al *Queens*, proclaim'd her *Queen* of hearts.

An

## An Epitaph upon the Renowned Queene *Elizabeth*.

*VNderneath this ſable Herſe*
*Lyes the ſubject of all Verſe.*
*Womens glory*, Englands *Mother*,
*Death, e're thou haſt ſlaine another*
*Faire, and good, and learn'd as ſhe,*
*Time ſhall make an end of thee.*

*Marble Piles let no man raiſe*
*To her name for after dayes:*
*Some ſweete Princeſſe, borne as ſhe,*
*Reading this, like* Niobe,
*Turnes to Marble; ſhall become*
*Both her Mourner and her Tombe.*

FINIS.